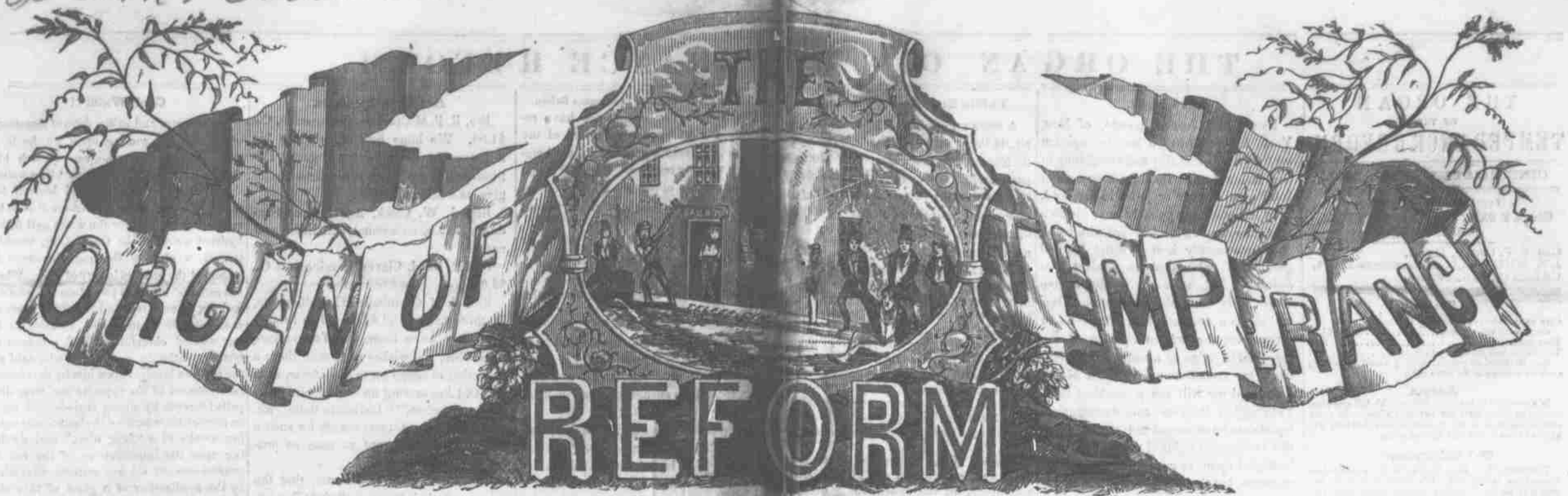
A Cath. Chambers



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Poetry.

Written for the Organ of Temp. Reform.

The Rumseller's Banquet.

BY MRS. H. E. DAY.

Come gather, now gther around the rich board,
The wine-cup flows freely,—we're all nature's lords;—
Mind not the low wail that comes up from the stall,
The moan of the drunkard whose cup is his all.

Come gather, come gather the free and the brave,
Who deem it a thraldom, the pow'r that would save,
Who fear not the king of the arch Fiend below,
Where, shorn of all glory, the drunkards lie low.

Aye, gather, yes gather the young and the wild,
On whom the bright sun of the morning sweet smiled,
Ere they looked on the cup and saw their mad gain,
A brow wrapt in clouds and a heart full of pain.

Come gather, quick gather the rich and the true,
Who foot the black bills when the drunkards get blue;
For, deprived of such friends, ye might not get a taste
Of the strong cheer of life, without which 'twere a waste.

Come bring to our banquet the widow's pale son,—
We 'll feast on his blood ere his life is half run;
Dread not her deep curse when she takes her poor boy
Back, back to a heart that 's bereft of all joy.

Come gather, quick gather from out the "sweet home,"
The dearest, the noblest,—and bid them now come,
While hushed are the shrieks of the lost we have damn'd,
And hid neath our cloak the blood-red of our hand.

But, prythee, dont gather the orphans we've clad
In rays and in mourning—such hearts should be glad—
For if they should come near our wild revels heat,
The coals in our furnace would scorch their bare feet.

Nor bring the mad wife, with her hair streaming wild,
For sure she would say, you have robbed my poor child
Of father, of mother, and all that was dear;—
And this might dishearten the drunkards made here.

But bring only those who can join our wild song,
Who reck not of life but will death-notes prolong;—
These gather, ye jovials, nor fear the dark pall,
If we sleep the last sleep, we'll sleep one and all.

CINCINNATI, May 7th, 1852.

Selected Tale.

THE WRECKER.

On a certain part of the coast of Brittany, some years back, a gang of wreckers existed, who were the terror of all sailors. Ever on the look-out for the unfortunate vessels, which were continually dashed upon their inhospitable shores, their delight was in the storm and the blast; they revelled in the howling of fierce wind, and the lightning's glare was to them more delightful than the brightest show of fireworks to the dweller in large towns. Then they came out in droves, hung about the cliffs and rocks, hid in caverns and holes, and waited with intense anxiety for the welcome sight of some gallant ship in distress. So dreadful were the passions lit up in these men by the love of lucre, that they even resorted to infamous stratagems to lure vessels on shore. They would light false beacons; and strive in every way to delude the devoted bark to its destruction.

The village of Montreaux was almost wholly inhabited by men who made wrecking their profession. It was a collection of miserable huts, built principally out of the broken materials of the various vessels driven on shore; and ostensibly inhabited by fishermen, who, however, rarely resorted to the deep, except when a long continuance of fine weather rendered their usual avocation less prosperous than usual. They consisted in all of about thirty families, wreckers, for the most part, from father to son, and even from mother to daughter—for women joined freely in the atrocious trade. Atrocious indeed! for murder necessarily accompanied pillage, and it rarely happened that many of the crew and passengers of the unfortunate vessels escaped alive. Bodies were indeed found along the shore; but even if they exhibited the marks of blows, the sea and the rocks got the credit of the deed.

The interior of the huts of the hamlet presented a motley appearance. Their denizens were usually clothed in all kinds of costume—from the peculiar garments of Englishmen, to the turbans, shawls, and petticoats of Lascars, Malays, and others. Cases of spirits, chests of tools, barrels of flour, piles of hams, cheeses, curious arms, spy-glasses, compasses, &c., were thrust into coffers and corners; while all the villagers were in the habit of spending money that certainly was not coined in France. The state of the good people of Montreaux was one of splendid misery; for, with all their ill-gotten wealth, their improvidence and carelessness was such, that they often wanted necessaries—so true is it that ill-got money is never well-spent money. A month of fine weather would almost reduce them to starvation, forcing them to sell to disadvantage whatever they still possessed.

This was not, however, the case with every one of them. A man dwelt among them, and had done so for many years, who seemed a little wiser and more careful than the rest of the community. His name was Pierre Sandeau. He was not a native of the place; but had long been established among them, and had at once shewn himself a worthy brother. He was pitiless, selfish, and cold. Less fiery than his fellows, he had an amount of caution, which made them feel his value; and a ready wit, which often helped them out of difficulties. His influence was soon felt, and he became a kind of chief. He was at last recognized as the head of the village, and the leader in all marauding expeditions. But the great source of his power was his foresight. He had always either money or provisions at hand, and was always ready to help one of his companions—for a consideration. In times of distress, he bought up all the stock on hand, and even sold on credit. In course of time, he had become rich, had a better house than the rest, and could, if he liked, have retired from business. But he seemed chained to his trade, and never gave any sign of abandoning his disgraceful occupation.

One day, however, he left Montreaux, and stayed away nearly a fortnight. When he came back, he was not alone: he was accompanied by a young and lovely girl—one of those energetic but sweet creatures, whose influence would be supreme with a good man. Madeleine Sandeau was eighteen—tall, well proportioned, and exceedingly handsome; she was, moreover, educated. Her father had taken her from school, to bring her to his house, which, though so different from what she was used to, she presided over at once with ease and nature. Great was the horror of the young girl when she found out the character of the people around her. She remonstrated freely with her father as to the dreadful nature of his life; but the old man was cold and inexorable. 'He had brought her there to preside over his solitary house,' he said, 'and not to lecture him:' and Madeleine was forced to be silent.

She saw at once the utter futility of any attempt to civilize or humanize the degraded beings she associated with; and so she took to the children. With great difficulty, she formed a school, and made it her daily labor to instill not only words, but ideas and principles, into the minds of the young, unfledged wreckers. She gained the goodwill of the elders, by nursing both young and old during their hours of sickness, as well as by a slight knowledge of medicine, which she had picked up in a way she never explained, but which always made her silent and sad when she thought of it.

When a black and gloomy night came round, and the whole village was on foot, then Madeleine locked herself in her room, knelt down, and remained in prayer. Now and then she would creep to the window, look out, and interrogate the gloom. She never came forth to greet her father on his return from these expeditions. Her heart revolted even against seeing her parent under such circumstances, and towards morning she went to bed—rarely, however, to sleep.

On one occasion, after a cold and bitter day, the evening came on suddenly. Black clouds covered the horizon as with a funeral pall; the wind began to howl round the hamlet with fearful violence; and Madeleine shuddered, for she knew what was to be expected that night. Scarcely had the gale commenced, when Pierre rose, put on a thick pea-jacket and a sou'-wester, armed himself, and swallowing a glass of brandy, went out. He was the last to leave the village; all the rest had preceded him. He found them encamped in a narrow gorge, round a huge fire, carefully concealed behind some rocks. It was a cold, windy, wet night; but the wreckers cared not, for the wind blew dead on shore, and gave rich promise of reward for whatever they might endure.

A man lay on the look-out at the mouth of the gorge under a tarpaulin. He had a night-glass in his hand, with which he swept the dark horizon, for some time in vain. But the wind was too good to fail them, and the wreckers had patience.

It was really a terrible night. It was pitchy dark: not a star, nor one glimpse of the pale moon could be distinguished. The wind howled among the rocks, and cast the spray up with violence against the cliffs, which, however, in front of the gorge, gave way to a low sandy beach, forming the usual scene of the wreckers' operations. A current rushed into this narrow bight, and brought on shore numerous spars, boxes, and boats—all things welcome to these lawless men.

"A prize!" cried the look-out suddenly. "A tall Indiaman is not more than a mile off shore. She is making desperate efforts to clear the point, but she won't do it. She is ours, lads!"

"Give me the glass!" exclaimed Pierre, rising. The other gave him the telescope. "Faith, a splendid brig!" said the patriarch with a sinister smile, "the finest windfall we have had for many a season. Jean, you must out with the cow, or perhaps it may escape us."

The cow was an abominable invention which Pierre had taught his comrades. A cow was tied to a stake, and a huge ship's lantern fastened to its horns. This the animal tossed about in the hope of disengaging himself, and in so doing presented the appearance of a ship riding at anchor—all that could be seen on such nights being the moving light. By this means had many a ship been lured to destruction, in the vain hope of finding a safe anchoring-ground. The cow, which was always ready, was brought out, and the trick resorted to, after which the wreckers waited patiently for the result.

The Indiaman was evidently coming on shore, and all the efforts, of her gallant crew seemed powerless to save her. Her almost naked masts, and her dark hull, with a couple of lanterns, could now plainly be distinguished as she rose and fell on the waters. Suddenly she seemed to become motionless, though quivering in every fibre, and then a huge wave washed clean over her decks.

"She has struck on the Mistral Rock," said Pierre. "Good! she will be in pieces in an hour, and every atom will come on shore!"

"They are putting out the boats," observed Jean.

The wreckers clutched their weapons. If the crew landed in safety, their hopes were gone. But no crew had, for many years, landed in safety on that part of the coast: by some mysterious fatality, they had always perished.

Presently, three boats were observed pulling for the shore, and coming towards the sandy beach at the mouth of the gorge. They were evidently crammed full of people, and pulling all for one point. The boats approached: they were within fifty yards of the shore, and pulling still abreast. They had entered the narrow gut of water leading to the gorge, and were already out of reach of the huge waves, which, a minute before, threatened to submerge them. The wreckers extinguished the lantern on the cow's horn. There was no chance of the boats being able to put back to sea.

Suddenly a figure pushed through the crowd, and approached the fire near which Pierre Sandeau stood. It appeared to be one of the wreckers; but the voice, that almost whispered in the old man's ear, made him start.

"Father!" said Madeleine, in a low solemn voice, "what are you about to do?"

"Fool! what want you here?" replied Pierre, amazed and angry at the same time.

"I come to prevent murder! Father, think what you are about to do! Here are fifty fellow-creatures coming in search of life and shelter, and you will give them death!"

"This is no place for you, Madeleine!" cried the other, in a husky voice. "Go home, girl, and never let me see you out again at night!"

"Away, Madeleine!—away!" said the crowd, angrily.

"I will not away!—I will stay here to see you do your foul deed—to fix it on my mind, that day and night I may shout in your ears that ye are murderers! Father!" added she, solemnly, "imbrue your hands in the blood of one man to-night, and I am no child of yours. I will beg, I will crawl through the world on my hands, but never more will I eat the bread of crime!"

"Take her away, Pierre," said one more ruffianly than the rest, "or you may repent it."

"Go, girl, go," whispered Pierre, faintly, while the wreckers moved in a body to the shore, where the boats were about to strike.

"Never!" shrieked Madeleine, clinging franticly to her father's clothes.

"Let me go!" cried Pierre, dragging her with him.

At that moment, a terrible event interrupted their struggle." A man stood upright in the foremost boat, guiding their progress. Just as they were within two yards of the shore, this man saw the wreckers coming down in a body.

"As I expected!" he cried, in a loud ringing voice. "Fire!—shoot every one of the villains!"

A volley of small-arms, within pistol-shot of the body of wreckers, was the unexpected greeting which these men received. A loud and terrible discharge shewed the way in which the discharge had told. One half of the pillagers fell on the stony beach, the other half fled.

Among those who remained, was Madeleine. She was kneeling by her father, who had received several shots, and lay on the ground in agony.

"You were right, girl," he groaned; "I see it now, when it is too late, and I feel I have deserved it."

"Better," sobbed Madeleine, "better be here, than have imbrued your hands in the blood of one of those miraculously-delivered sailors."

"Say you so, woman?" said a loud voice near her. "Then you are not one of the gang. I knew them of old, as well as their infernal cut-throat gorge, and pulled straight for it, but quite prepared to give them a warm reception."

Madeline looked up. She saw around her more than fifty men, three women, and some children. She shuddered again at the thought of the awful massacre which would have occurred, but for the sailor's prudence.

"My good girl," continued the man, "we are cold, wet, and hungry; can you shew us some shelter?"

"Yes; but do you bid some of your men carry my father, who, I fear, is dying."

"It is no more than he merits," replied the man; "but for your sake I will have him take a care of."

"It is what I merit," said Pierre, in a strange and loud tone; "but not from your hands, Jacques."

"Merciful God!" cried the sailor, "whose voice is that?"

"You will soon know; but do as your sister bids you, and then we can talk more at ease."

Madelaine cast herself sobbing into her brother's arms, who, gently disengaging her, had a litter prepared for his father, and then, guided by Madelaine, the procession advanced on its way. An armed party marched at the head, and in a quarter of an hour the village of Montreaux was reached. It was entirely deserted. There were fires in the houses, and lamps lit, and even suppers prepared, but not a living thing. The children and old women, on hearing the discharge of musketry, had fled to a cave where they sometimes took shelter when the coast-guard was sent in search of them.

The delighted sailors and passengers spread themselves through the village, took possession of the houses, ate the suppers, and slept in the beds, taking care, however, to place four sentries in well-concealed positions, for fear of a surprise. Madeleine, her father her brother, the ship's surgeon, and a young lady passenger came to the house of old Sandeau, who was put to bed, and his wounds dressed. He said nothing, but went to sleep, or feigned to do so.

Supper was then put upon the table, and the four persons above mentioned sat down, for a few minutes in silence. Jacques, the captain of the East-Indiaman, looked moody and thoughtful. He said not a word. Suddenly, however, he was roused by hearing the young surgeon of the *Jeune Sophie* speak.

"Madeleine," said he, in a gentle but still much agitated tone of voice, "how is it I find you here—you whom I left at St. Omer?"

"Is this, then, the Madeleine you so often speak of?" cried the astonished sailor.

"It is. But speak, my dear friend."

"Edouard, I am here because yonder is my father, and it is my duty to be where he is."

"But why is your father here?" continued the other.

"I am here," said the old man, fiercely turning round, "because I am at war with the world. For a trifling error, I was dismissed the command of this very *Jeune Sophie* twelve years ago. I vowed revenge, and you see the kind of revenge I have selected."

"Dear father," said Madeleine gently, "see what an escape you have had!"

"Besides," interposed Jacques, "there was no occasion for revenge. M. Ponceau, who had adopted me, searched for you far and wide, to give you another ship. They dismissed you in a moment of anger. They proved this, by giving me the command of the *Jeune Sophie* as soon as I could be trusted with it."

"What is done is done," said Pierre, "and I am a wrecker! I have done wrong, but I am punished. Jacques, my boy, take away Madeleine; I see this life is not fit for her. If I recover, I shall remain, and become the trader of the village"——

"No, father, you must come with us," observed Jacques sadly. You and I and Madeleine will find some quiet spot, where none will know of the past, and where we ourselves may learn to forget. I have already saved enough to support us"

"And your wife, sir?" said the young lady, who had not hitherto spoken.

"Leonie, you can never marry me now. You are no fit mate for the son of a wrecker."

"Jacques," interposed the young surgeon, "neither you nor Madeleine has any right to suffer for the errors of your father. I made the acquaintance of your sister at my aunt's school in St Omer. I loved her; and before I started on this journey, I had from her a half-promise, which I now call upon her to fulfill."

"What say you, Madeleine?" said Jacques gravely.

"That I can never give my hand to a man whom I love too well to dishonor."

"Madeleine, you are right, and you are a noble girl!" replied her brother.

"Children," said the old man, with a groan, "I see my crime now in its full hideousness; but I can at least repair part of the evil done. Now, listen to me. Let me see you follow the bent of your hearts, and be happy, and I will go where you will, for you will have forgiven your father. Refuse to do so, and I remain here—once a wrecker, always a wrecker. Come, decide!"

Madeleine held out her hand to Edouard, and Jacques to Leonie, his friend's sister, returning from the colony where her parents had died. The old man shut his eyes, and remained silent the rest of the evening.

Next day, conveyances were obtained from a neighboring town, and the crew and passengers departed. The reunited friends remained at Montreaux, awaiting the recovery of Pierre, Jacques excepted, he being forced to go to Havre, to explain events to his owners. In ten days he returned. Old Sandeau was now able to be removed; and the whole party left Montreaux, which was then stripped by its owners, and deserted.

The family went to Havre. The father's savings as a captain had been considerable. United with those of Jacques, they proved sufficient to take a house, furnish it, and start both young couples in life. Edouard set up as a surgeon in Havre, his brother-in-law was admitted as junior partner into the house of Pouceau, and from that day all prospered with them. Old Sandeau did not live long. He was crushed under the weight of the terrible past; and his death-bed was full of horror and remorse.

☞ Three young, conceited wits, as they thought themselves, passing along the road near Oxford met a grave old gentleman, with whom they had a mind to be rudely merry "Good morrow, father Abraham," said one: "Good morrow, father Isaac," said the next.—"Good morrow, father Jacob," said the last. I am neither Abraham, Isaac, nor Jacob," replied the Gentleman, "but Saul, the son of Kish, who went out to seek his father's asses, and lo! here have I found them."

WHO READS AN AMERICAN BOOK?—The New York Courier notices a fact, very creditable to American literature, that in an English wholesale catalogue, in which, under the head "Popular Standard Works," are one hundred and thirty-three items, of which forty-seven, *considerable more than one-third* are the product of American pens, and were first published by American publishers.

[From the New York Spirit of the Times.]

PIC-NICS AND FUNERALS.

How Harry's Pic-Nic Party Evaded the Payment of Toll, and the way Harry had to "pony" out Toll for a Funeral Procession.

"*Dear Spirit.*"—Your valuable sheet has been the entertainment of many a gay company in our Queen City (or, as Kossuth has it Metropolis) for years; yet it is rare to read any of the doings amongst the hog loving denizens of Porkopolis. As I have become a dweller here amongst the many, I ask a small corner, to drop a chip from the block of incidents; for we have spirits here worthy of being known to fame and you. So, without more ado, I'll at once to a tale, that has not often been told on my friend, but which merits a place in history, and trust you may hand it down, for the benefit of some one's posterity.

Harry S——— is one of the choice ones of the town, and although young in spirits, he's old in more ways than one—rich in broad acres, yet poor in the golden coin of the realm!

Harry has a large circle of friends, and being near related to that well-known gentleman, "the oldest inhabitant," has been, is, and ever shall be, the first called upon to attend a wedding or a funeral, and although his disposition and qualifications are more harmonious to the former, yet his pride of office, and partiality for black gloves, render him useful at the latter. A friend can't get married, therefore, without Harry arranges the programme, nor a poor soul be quietly interred unless Harry is in attendance.

In fun and amusement he is the "right bower," and should it be necessary to take all the tricks, in order to make the game full, Harry must have the lead. With these few characteristics in our friend, which are necessary to the story, we'll leave him, but if you ever travel this way, and want to know a prince of good fellows, call on the aforesaid, his heart, soul, and pocket, areas open as a church door.

About fifteen years ago, soon after the hard times of '37, when business was in the deep bosom of bankruptcy buried, and indolent pleasure had taken the place of pork barrels and sugar hogsheads Harry proposed an excursion to the shady groves, to make love and dance dull care away, amidst the birds and flowers. No sooner mooted than arranged, and about three o'clock of a pleasant, but hot summer afternoon, a long caravan of some twenty carriages and buggies, were seen wending their way along the turnpike road in quest of an umbrageous retreat, each vehicle loaded with its rich freight of beauty, and not much less agreeable portion of provender for the day's repast.

Harry led the troupe in a large carriage, with his little "pallet" at his side, and a large basket of cooked chickens, salads, &c., in front, forgetting the hardness of the times, and the scarcity of money, in the enjoyment of the moment. But, alas! for the duration of happiness, Harry espied a toll gate—an impediment in the day's financial arrangements never before considered, and, as the funds raised for the occasion had been spent in the purchase of the feast, Harry was at a *stand still* how to *proceed onward*. To stop the carriage and beg money of the others would be a confession of poverty, and to be stopped at the gate would be a conviction of the fact. After a moment's reflection, Harry thought his face must be known at all toll gates, as the sure indication of a funeral, and, furthermore, that he laws of the State required all funeral processions to be passed free of charge. He called the driver to allow his horses to walk for the next mile, as the day was hot, and arrangements for the funeral were rapidly made—the basket was placed across the seats, and covered with one of the black leathern curtains, indicating, to all unsuspecting eyes, the last remains of a poor babe. A pair of black gloves (relics of the last funeral,) being drawn on his hands, and his face deep buried in the same, the procession reached the gate; a glance from Harry informed the keeper of the melancholy task he was performing, and with a pious remark to his wife, the keeper passed into his house, and the pic-nic party passed the gate.

After the day's pleasures were over, the story was told amongst the boys, and, during the next week, the frequent mention to Davis, the gate keeper, of "Harry and his funeral," informed the old boy that he was sold, and, with proper solemnity, he swore vengeance.

In a few weeks one of Harry's particular friends lost a young and interesting child, and true to custom, he was called upon to officiate at its funeral. A procession of twenty-five carriages moved out with the "last of earth"—in the front one was seated Harry and his fellow pall bearer, with the little corpse between them.

The toll gate was reached and about being passed, when old Davis espied the solemn face of the face of the aforesaid Harry. With one bound he cleared the requisite number of feet, and catching the bridle of the horses, brought the quick and the dead to a halt.

Had old Charon come upon earth, and demanded payment for crossing the Acheron, it would not have created more astonishment than his demand for toll. Harry begged, and old Davis swore. Harry swore, and old Davis raved. He'd be d—d if any more roasted chickens and boiled hams could be passed through his gate under the Funeral Act.

Harry was obliged to pay the sum—six dollars and forty cents—but swore off from any more *funeral-ing on that road.*

CINCINNATI, OHIO. CHIPS.

☞ A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Ledger* says that the proposed monument of Henry Clay, in Washington Cemetery, is designed to be a joint monument to Washington, Franklin, Lafayette and Henry Clay, the name of each to be inscribed on an appropriate place on each of the four sides. The cost to be raised by subscription, of from fifty cents to one dollar, from ladies all over the United States. The contributors' names to be enrolled on parchment and suspended in a room in the monument, 30 feet square. The design is similar to that of Sir Walter Scott; it will be 180 feet high, on a base of 40 feet square. A spiral staircase will ascend to the top, from which New York and all the surrounding country, with the bay and ocean, can be seen.

How Jem Donnellan Out-Traded Uncle Bill Snow.

Old Uncle Bill Snow was and is the keenest trader in the country. He was never known to make a bad bargain. Many a trap has been laid to catch him, but his operations always turned out so as to add something to his pile and still more to his reputation.

Some time since, a party of young men were talking of Uncle Billy's great luck in this way, and various instances were mentioned of his extraordinary trades and his uniform success.—Jem Donnellan at length offered to bet that he would catch him before two days. Of course that bet was taken as soon as it was proposed, and soon afterwards Jem left us to make his preparations to win.

The next day was court day, and Jem and Mr. Snow met at the court house.

"Good morning, Uncle Bill," says Jem, "all well to day?"

"Pretty well, I thank you, Jeems, my son."

"Any trading on hand this morning!" enquired Donnellan.

"Nothing in particular, Jeemes, times is rather dull just now; people don't trade as they used to do."

"That's a fact, Uncle Bill," responded Jem. "Well, since nothing bettes offers s'pose you and I make a trade!"

"No objection in the world, Jeems. Go ahead and let's hear from you."

"Well, Uncle Billy, I have a mare yonder I want to trade for that mule of yours—how will you trade!"

"I don't know, exactly," responded Mr. Snow, "but as mules are generally considered as worth more than horses, and your mare is getting along in years, I s'pose ten dollars would'nt be too much boot, would it?" Give me ten dollars and your mare, and you may take the mule."

"Done!" exclaimed Jem, perfectly delighted.

The money was paid over, and the *critters* were handed over to their new masters. Jem took his mule home, and that night the beast lay down and died. This was a sore blow to our hero, but he had one more day left and he determined to save himself. The next morning found him and Snow at the same place, and in conversation as follows—

"Uncle Billy" says Jem, "I think you came the strongest game over me, yesterday, in that mule of yours. I don't like him so much this morning as I did yesterday—I don't think he improves much on acquaintance—what'll you take to *rue*!" (Swap back.)

"Now Jeemes, my son," answered Uncle Billy, "I don't want to be hard on you, but you took me up at the first hop, and you know a trade's a trade. But if you are very anxious to *rue*, I don't care much. Give me ten dollars more, and you may have your mare back."

"Uncle Billy, I'll do it," exclaimed Jem in great delight. "But only on this condition—each man must come and take away his own beast. I didn't bring my mule along to-day, and I see you didn't ride the mare, so it's a long as it's broad. I'll give you ten dollars now, and I'll go home with you first and get the mare, and afterwards you can send or come for the mule at any time."

"Any way, Jeemes," replied Mr. Snow.

The money was paid, and Jem and the old man started. The next day when the same crowd had met to decide the bet, Jem was there giving in his experience as follows:

"The old man and I rode along very cosily together, talking about everything in the world except our trade. That question I dodged. I was afraid to open my lips until I got my mare safe. At last we reached the old fellow's house, and he said to me, as we entered the yard—Jeemes, my son, there is your mare—you can take her away with you. And, boys, darn me if there wan't the old mare, lying in the yard, as dead as a door nail. *The infernal beast had died the same night with the mule.—New York Spirit of the Times.*

TO MATHEMATICIANS.

Demonstration of the square of the circle.

3+4 12.

1. *Induction.*—The 12 square inches we will consider as an oblong square, divisible into three equal parts or four inches to each part.—Four inches, then, is the third, which is also the diameter of the 12 inches when converted into the circle. The quantity still remains the same. Nothing gained by the curve; nothing lost by angles.

The same is deduced by considering the circle of 12 inches as placed within a square of 16 inches, where the sides of the square are precisely equal to the diameter of the circle. Subtract four inches from the square, and the 12 inches of the circle are left, which four inches are taken from the four corners of the square projecting beyond the circle.

2. *By direct Calculation.*—Divide the circle into three equal parts of four inches; to each part, multiply one of the divisions by 3, and we have the quantity of the whole. The form of the inches so divided, with the acute angle at one end and the curve at the other, can make no difference as to quantity. The symmetry is the same, though different in form from the square inch.

The same result is obtained if we proceed transversely or inversely. Transversely one-twelfth part of the circle is one inch, and so on to the centre of the circle. Inversely, one inch in the centre is one-twelfth of the whole, and so on to the periphery of the circle; suiting the measure, in both cases, to the quantity desired.

Diagrams illustrating the above calculations would be exceedingly interesting, but it would be a little difficult to introduce them into the columns of a newspaper.—Q.

FRUSTRATED SUICIDE.—A person by the name of Wilson Swift, whom too deep reflection had rendered insupportably melancholic, attempted on Monday last to escape the sunshine of this nether world, by indulging in a cold bath in the Miami Canal. Some philanthropic individual passing by, resolved to rescue the unfortunate and "plumped in" after him. Neither being Leanders, both would have drowned, had not a third character appeared upon the stage, or rather in the canal, and bore them through the Hellespontine waves to what Homer calls the "resounding shore."